

and
WIM
TIM

WESTERN ADVENTURES

HOLT

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

10c
JAN - FEB

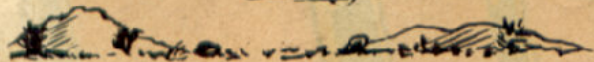




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TIM HOLT'S

WESTERN ALBUM



The West was ruled by the gun, but there were times when the heroic men who tamed the desperadoes used their fists to good effect too — as here demonstrated by battling Tim Holt!



To the right is a scene from RKO's "Gun Runners," which stars Tim—supported as usual by the colorful Chito Jose Gonzales Bustamonte Rafferty (Richard Martin, in real life). They are waiting for members of a bandit gang to show themselves.



The horse was part of the man, and the man was part of the horse; the two were inseparable, Centaur-like. Tim's horse, Lightning, is a great palomino stallion, physically beautiful and highly intelligent. Here he and Tim are alerted for action!

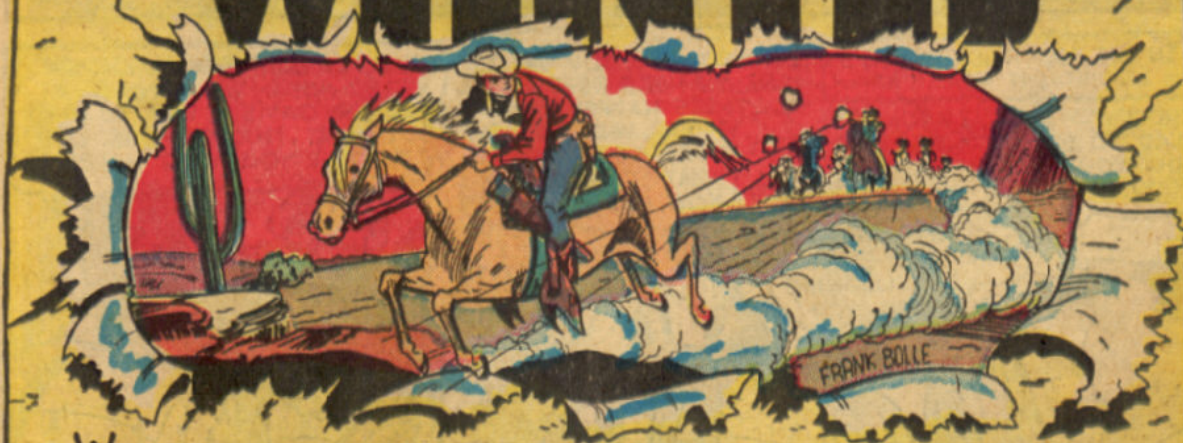


TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT



WANTED



FRANK BOLLE

WITH A POSSE SCOURING THE BRUSH AND FOOTHILLS FOR HIM, WITH A REWARD ON HIS HEAD, DEAD OR ALIVE, TIM HOLT FACES THE GREATEST FIGHT OF HIS CAREER TO CLEAR HIMSELF OF A CHARGE OF MURDER! EVERYONE—FROM THE SHERIFF TO THE TOUGHEST BAND OF OUTLAWS THAT EVER ROBBED A BANK—**WANTED: TIM HOLT!**

TIM HOLT

THUNDERING HOOVES AND ROARING SIX-GUNS SHATTER THE LONELY SILENCE OF THE SAGEBRUSH-DOTTED WASTELAND---



FLEEING THE HARD-RIDING POSSE IS—TIM HOLT!

CAN'T LET THEM... CATCH ME!
TOLD CHITO TO MEET ME...
BACK IN HILLS... BEFORE ALL
THIS HAPPENED...



THEY'LL NEVER MAKE
THIS JUMP! WE'RE SAFE!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AS TIM FLEES FOR
HIS LIFE, THE TAP-TAP OF HAMMERS RE-
SOUNDS ON BARN DOORS, ON RESTAUNT WALLS...



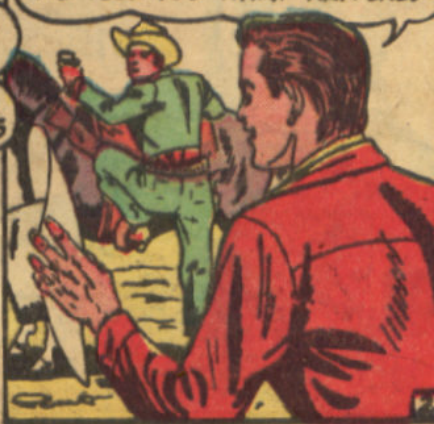
IN THE FOOTHILLS, TIM KEEPS
HIS APPOINTMENT WITH CHITO---

CHITO: I'M SURE I KNOW YOU
GLAD TO SEE YOU...YOU BROUGHT
FOOD. THEN YOU KNOW? ARE ONE CRAZY
HOMBRE! WHAT-FOR YOU
SAY YOU KEEL SHERIFF NOLAN?
TWO POSSES AIRE OUT LOOKING
FOR YOU!

LUCKY FOR YOU, YOU SAY TO
MEET ME HERE BEFORE ALL
THEES HAPPEN! WHEN
I HEAR WHAT YOU SAY,
I BREENG YOU FOOD.
WHAT YOU DO
NOW, HEY?



I'M CONVINCED THAT WHOEVER
KILLED NOLAN IS PLAYING A
DEEPER GAME. I AIM TO FIND
OUT WHAT THAT GAME IS. LET
ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED-



TIM HOLT

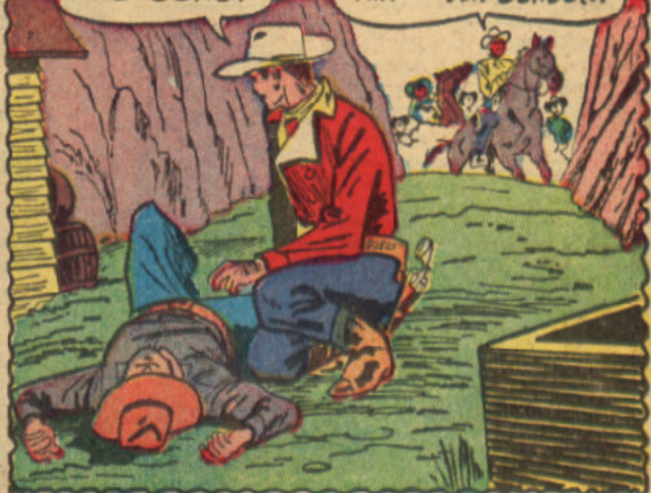
"I WAS RIDING OUT TO THE EAST BASIN LINE CABIN, WHEN I SAW SOMETHING WAS WRONG..."

THAT'S DEPUTY SHERIFF NOLAN! HIGHTAIL IT, LIGHTNING!



FUNNY! HIS VEST AND BADGE ARE GONE!

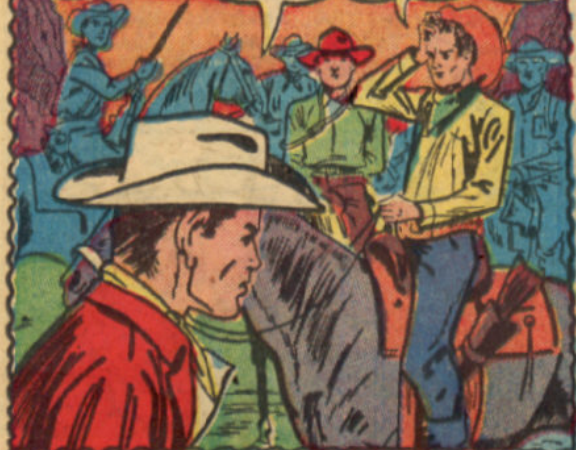
WE GOT THE COYOTE WHO MURDERED HIM, TIM — JIM BENDER!



BENDER? THEN WHERE'S NOLAN'S VEST AND BADGE?

HUH? I DUNNO. BENDER DIDN'T HAVE IT!

"THOSE MEN WERE IN AN UGLY MOOD. THEY WOULD HAVE HANGED BENDER THEN AND THERE! I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE, I HAD TO DO SOMETHING ---"



BENDER DIDN'T KILL NOLAN! I DID! NOW... GET DOWN OFF THOSE HORSES AND DROP YOUR GUNS...!



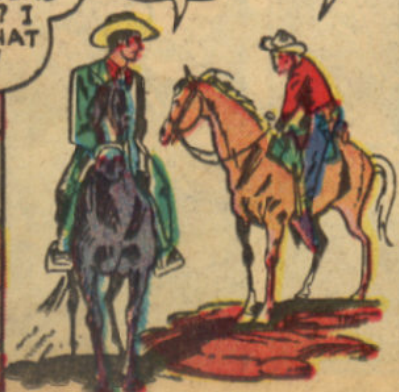
OF ALL THEE CRAZY THEENGs!

I DROVE OFF THEIR HORSES AND CAME UP HERE, CHITO. THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY GOING ON. WHY SHOULD THE MAN WHO KILLED NOLAN STEAL HIS VEST AND BADGE? I HAVE TO FIND THAT OUT!

YOU WEEL NOT FIND IT IN THESE HILLS. ONE OF THEE POSSES WEEL KILL YOU!

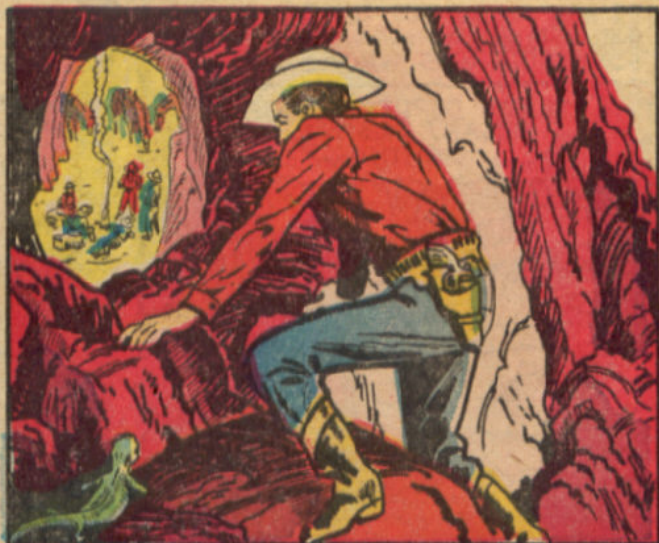
I HAVE TO RISK IT, CHITO. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT...

I DIDN'T TELL CHITO, BUT I'VE SEEN TRACES OF OLD CAMPFIRES SCATTERED IN THE HILLS. THEY LEAD TOWARD RED BUTTE!



AMID THE RED VOLCANIC ROCKS OF THE BUTTES, TIM SIGHTS A THIN COLUMN OF SMOKE...

THERE'S A FIRE THAT ISN'T SO OLD! HMMM... NO CATTLE OUTFIT WOULD BED DOWN THIS DEEP IN THE ROCKS!

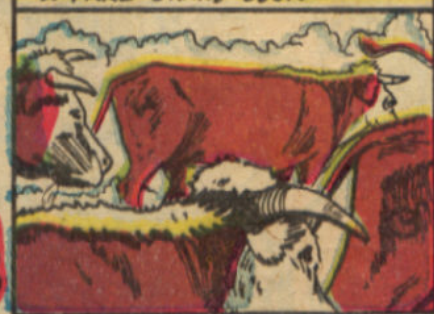


RECKON WE'D BETTER BE RIDING IF WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE CHISOLM TRAIL WHEN THE HERDS GET THERE.

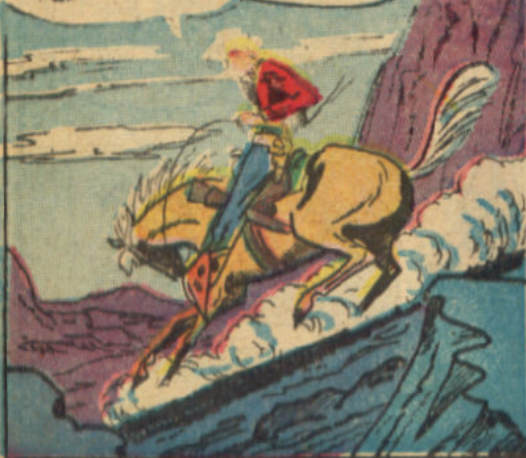
SURE EVERYTHING IS FIXED SO WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE?

SURE! WE GOT FAKE BRAND BOOKS, AND A SHERIFF'S BADGE. WE CAN CUT OUT WHAT CATTLE WE WANT AND THEN TRAIL DRIVERS AIN'T GOT NO KICK!

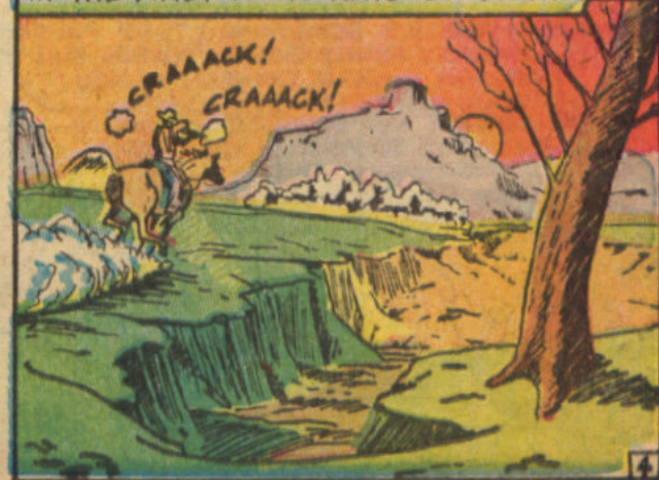
"CUTTING OUT" A TRAIL HERD WAS DONE IN ORDER TO RE-MOVE ANY STEERS THAT MIGHT HAVE DRIFTED IN WITH THE MOVING STEERS FROM THE RANGE THE TRAIL HERD WAS PASSING THROUGH. IT WAS A LEGAL PROCESS, BUT OFTEN CROOKED WHEN OUT-LAWS USED A LAW BADGE AND A FAKE BRAND BOOK ---



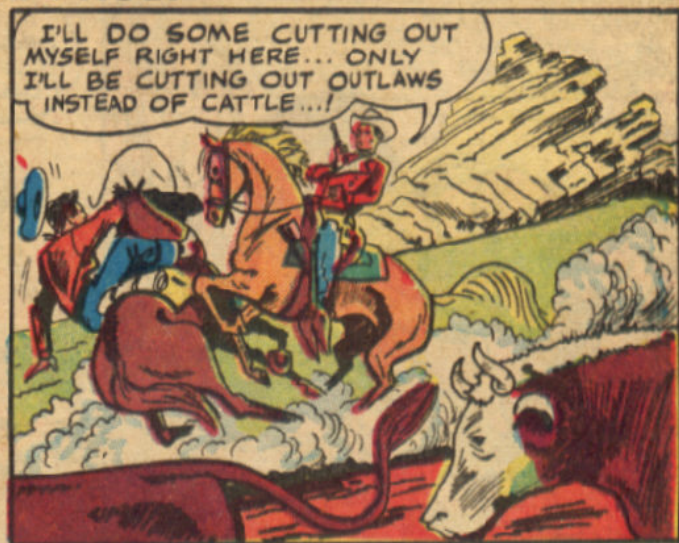
THEY HAVE A HEAD START, BUT LIGHTNING WILL CUT IT DOWN WHEN WE REACH THE FLA



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE GREAT PALOMINO POUNDED THE GROUND THEN, IN THE FIRST FAINT RAYS OF DAWN...



TIM HOLT



LIKE A WHIRLING SANDSTORM, TIM IS IN AMONG THE OUTLAWS, COLTS FLASHING IN THE MORNING SUN!



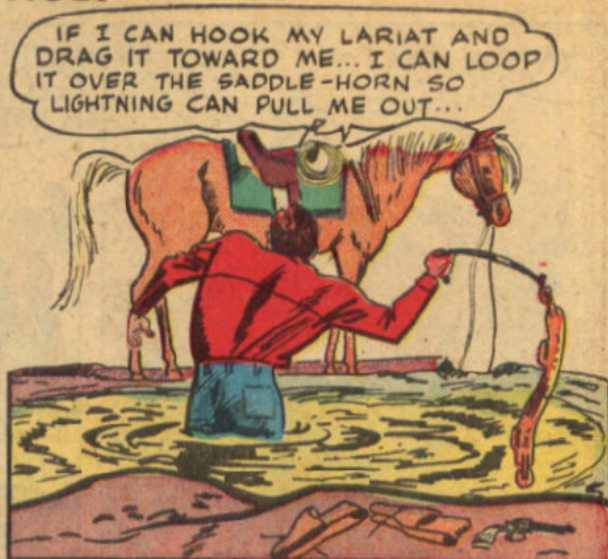
BUT THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION STEPS INTO A GOPHER HOLE AND FALLS!



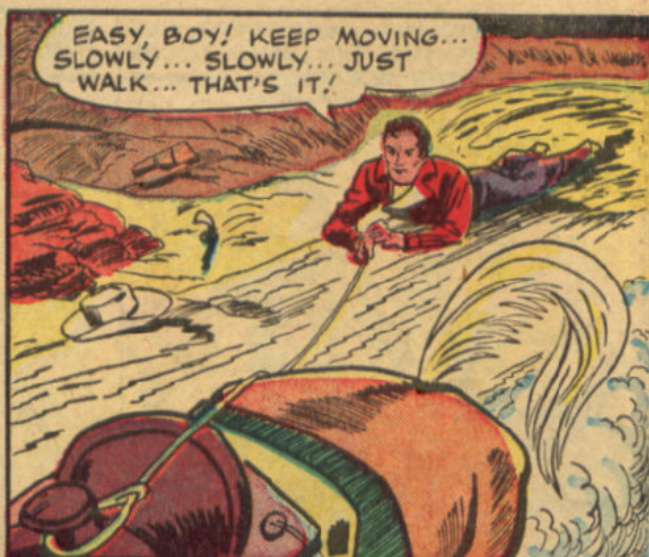
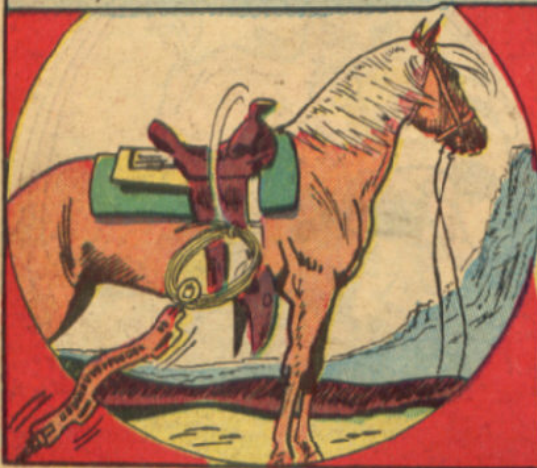
THE SLOW, INEXORABLE TUG OF THE QUICKSAND DRAGS TIM DOWN AND DOWN —

NO CHANCE TO GET TO FIRM GROUND... THE SAND IS DRAGGING ME DOWN TOO FAST TO TRY TO MOVE... LOOKS LIKE THE END...

TIM HOLT



ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES TIM HURLS HIS HOOKED BELTS - AND FAILS. THEN, ON THE FOURTH TRY ---



AN HOUR LATER, RESTED AND CLEANED, TIM AND THE HUGE PALOMINO AGAIN TAKE THE MANHUNT TRAIL...



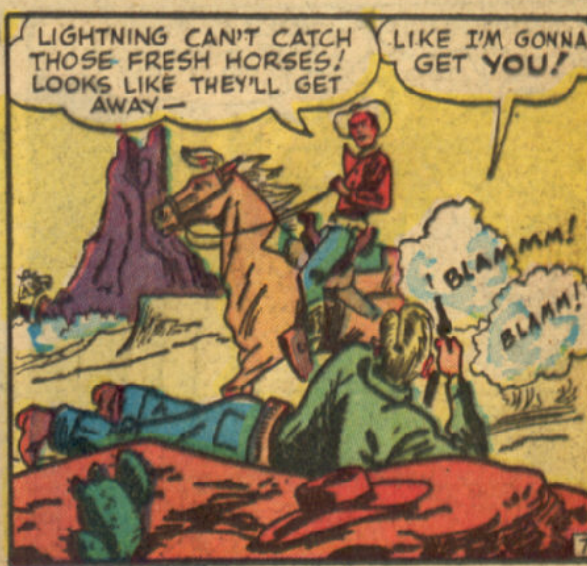
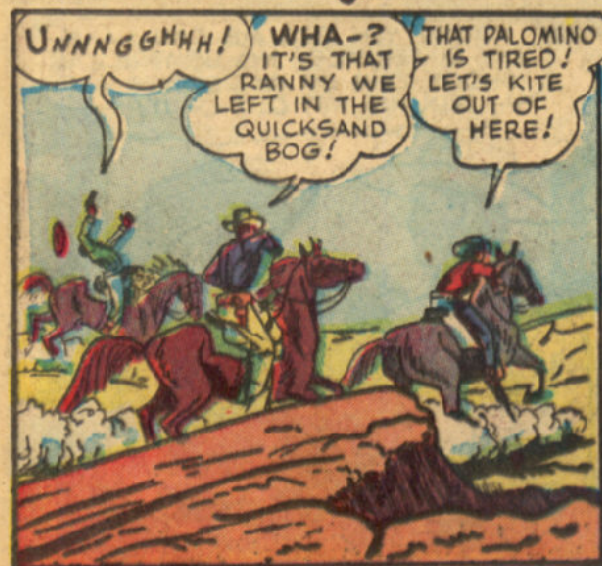
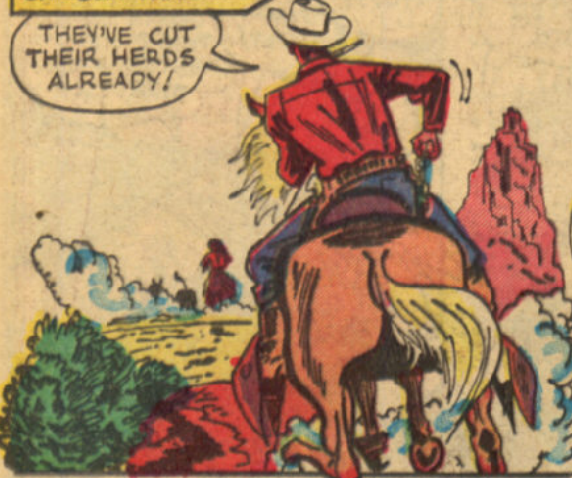
IN THE MEANWHILE...



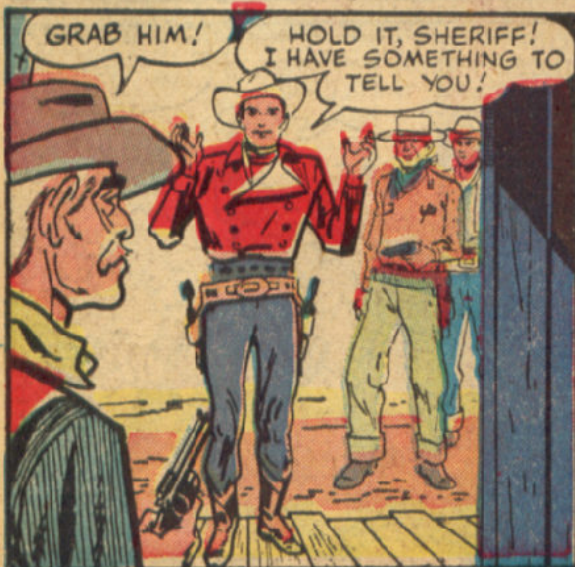
TIM HOLT



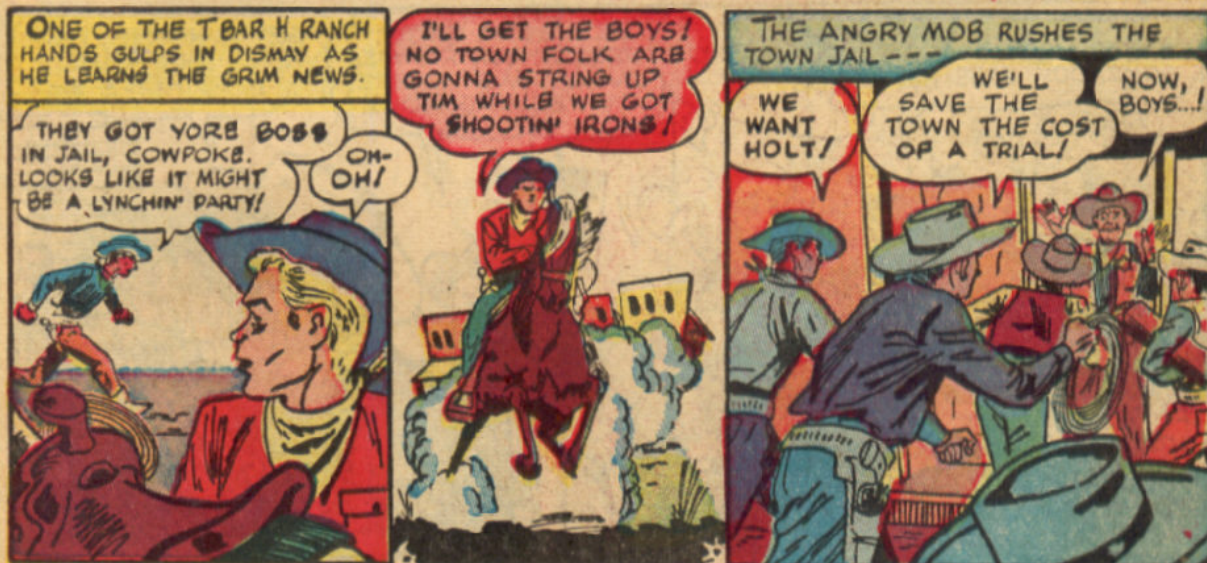
MOVING WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, TIM
FOLLOWS THE OUTLAWS DOWN ONTO THE
CHISOLM TRAIL ---



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

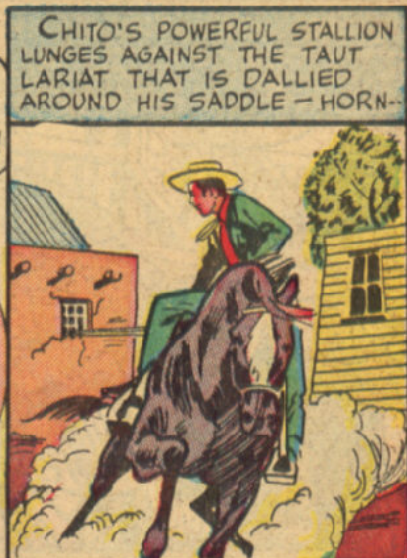


CHITO! GET ME OUT OF HERE! QUICKLY...

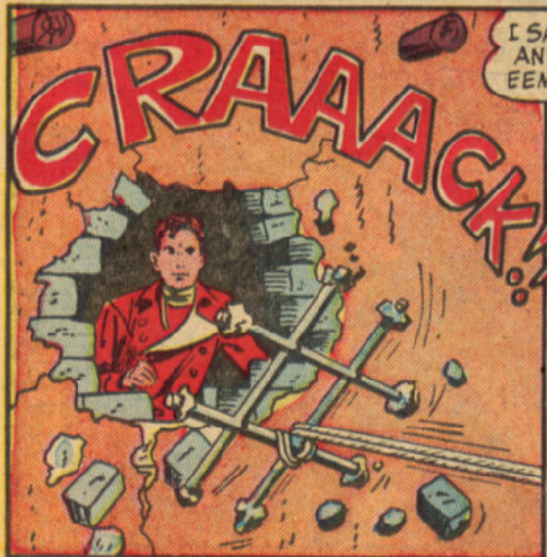
BUT TIM—! FIRST YOU WANT TO GO EEN JAIL, NOW YOU WANT TO COME OUT...!



DON'T ARGUE. I JUST SAW THE MEN WHO KILLED NOLAN RIDE PAST! THE SHERIFF WON'T LET ME OUT... SO I HAVE TO GET OUT ON MY OWN!



CHITO'S POWERFUL STALLION LUNGES AGAINST THE TAUT LARIAT THAT IS DALLIED AROUND HIS SADDLE—HORN—



I SADDLED LIGHTNING. AND HERE EES SOME EEMPORTANT EEQUIPMENT!



WE'LL FOLLOW THOSE RATS. I WANT SOME WORDS WITH THEM!



DOGGONE! THAT HOLT RANNY CAN'T BUST JAIL ON ME!

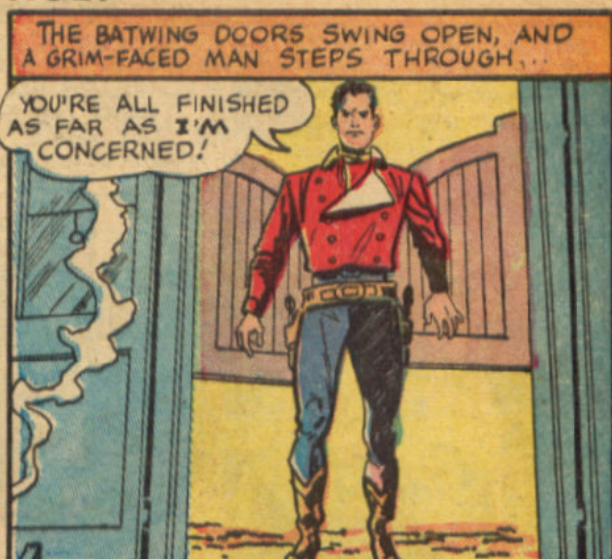


HE WENT UPSTREET TO THE GOLDEN DUCK SALOON!

SHOOT ON SIGHT!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

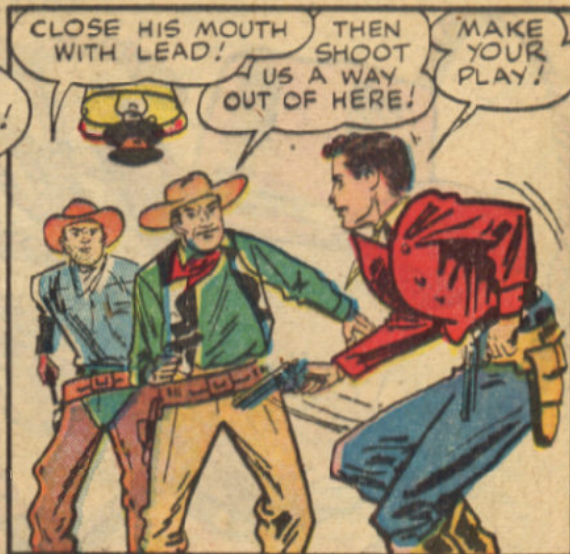
TIM HOLT



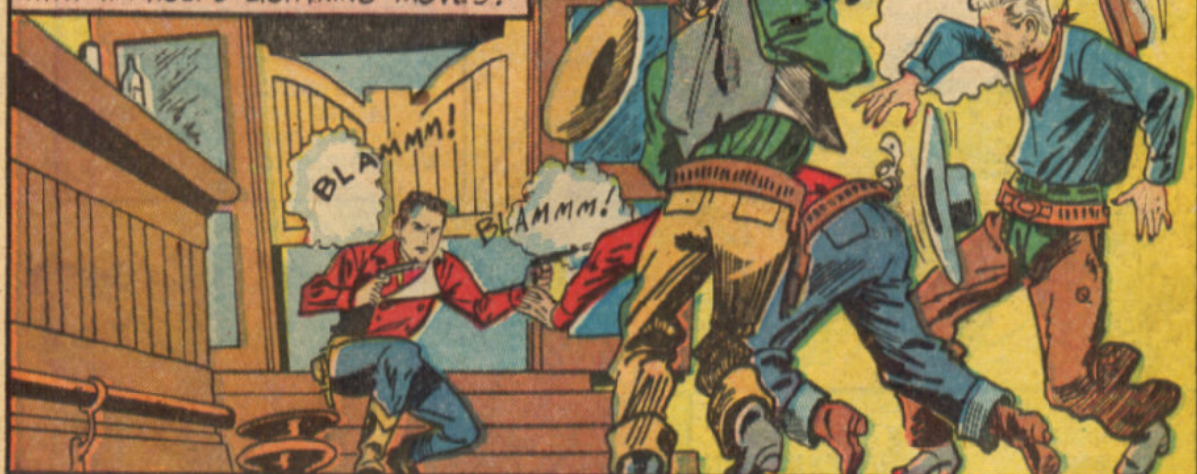
TIM HOLT



THEY USED THE BADGE, TOGETHER WITH A FORGED BRAND BOOK, TO CUT TRAIL HERDS MOVING UP THE CHISOLM TRAIL! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, SEND A RIDER UP THE TRAIL TO CHECK MY STORY!



THE KILLERS' HANDS DART DOWN AND UP. BUT THEIR GUNHANDS ARE SLOW COMPARED WITH TIM HOLT'S LIGHTNING MOVES!



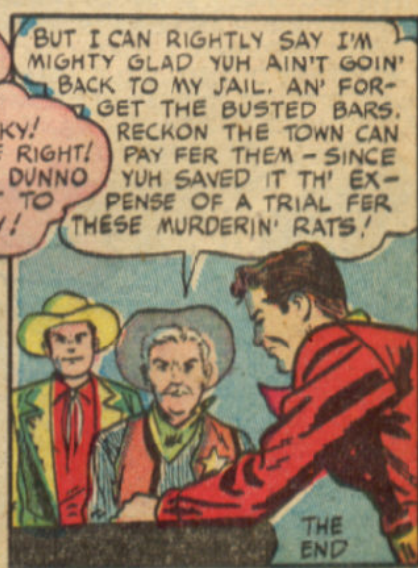
THERE THEY ARE, SHERIFF - THE REAL MURDERERS. DO YOU RECOGNIZE NOLAN'S VEST?

I THINK I DO BUT I'M NOT SURE...



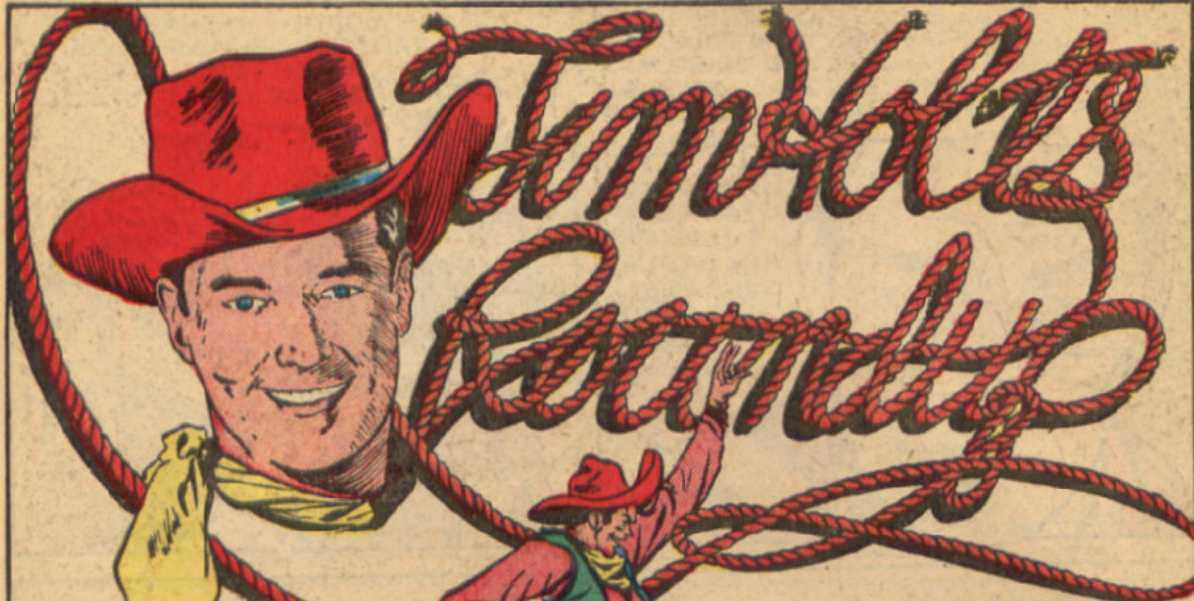
THEN PERHAPS THESE HOLES MADE BY NOLAN'S BADGE OVER THE YEARS WILL CONVINCE YOU!

BY CRACKY! YUH'RE RIGHT! HOLT... I DUNNO WHAT TO SAY!

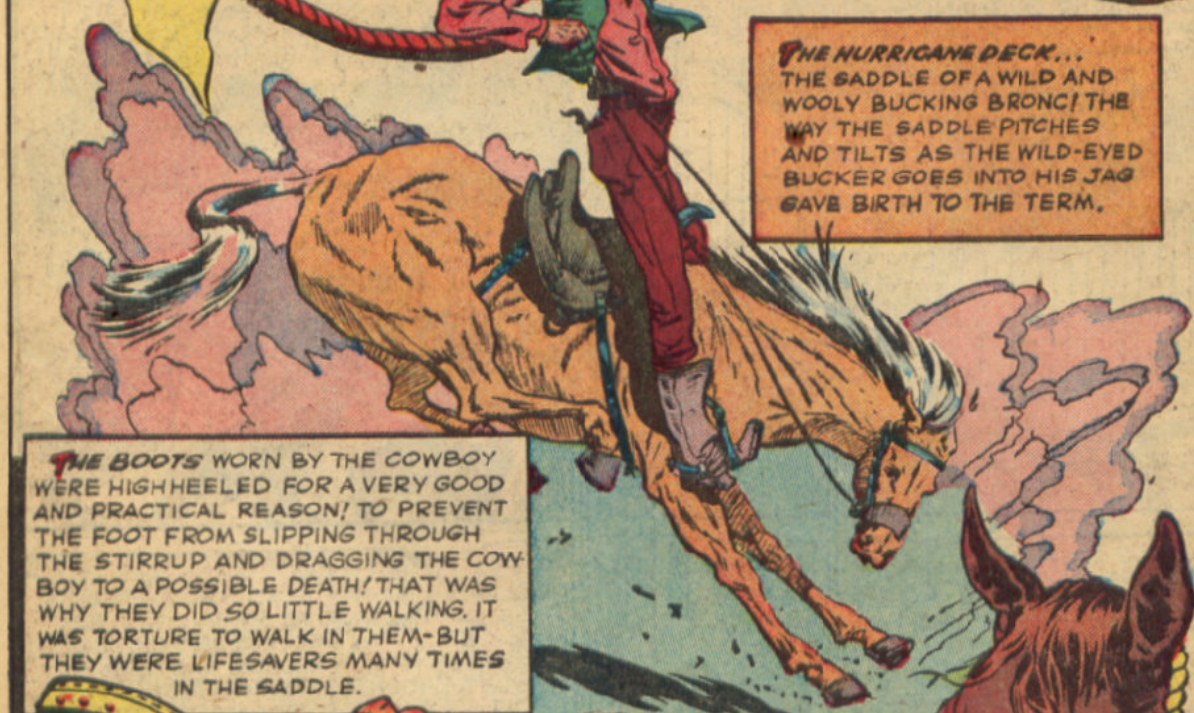


BUT I CAN RIGHTLY SAY I'M MIGHTY GLAD YUH AIN'T GOIN' BACK TO MY JAIL. AN' FORGET THE BUSTED BARS. RECKON THE TOWN CAN PAY FER THEM - SINCE YUH SAVED IT TH' EXPENSE OF A TRIAL FER THESE MURDERIN' RATS!

THE END

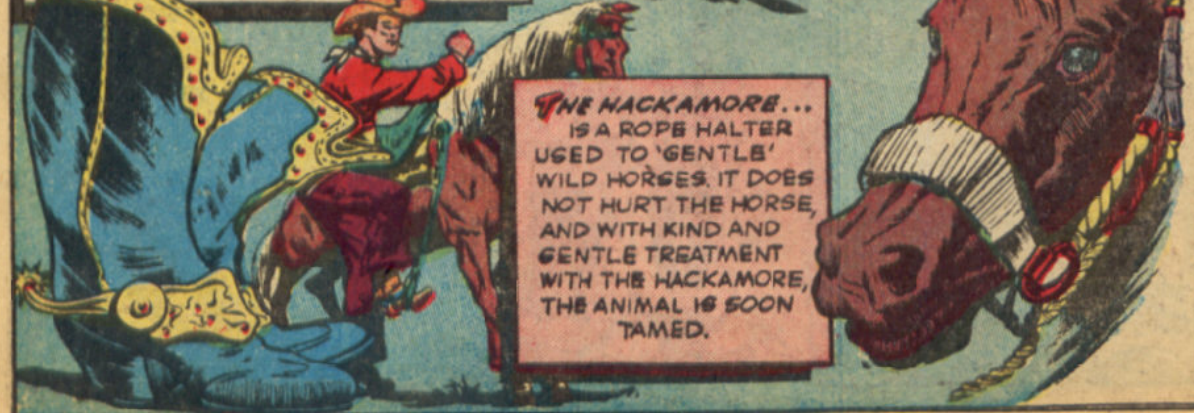


Tim Holt's Rodeo



THE HURRICANE DECK...
THE SADDLE OF A WILD AND WOOLY BUCKING BRONC! THE WAY THE SADDLE PITCHES AND TILTS AS THE WILD-EYED BUCKER GOES INTO HIS JAG GAVE BIRTH TO THE TERM.

THE BOOTS WORN BY THE COWBOY WERE HIGHHEELED FOR A VERY GOOD AND PRACTICAL REASON! TO PREVENT THE FOOT FROM SLIPPING THROUGH THE STIRRUP AND DRAGGING THE COWBOY TO A POSSIBLE DEATH! THAT WAS WHY THEY DID SO LITTLE WALKING. IT WAS TORTURE TO WALK IN THEM-BUT THEY WERE LIFESAVERS MANY TIMES IN THE SADDLE.



THE HACKAMORE...
IS A ROPE HALTER USED TO 'GENTLE' WILD HORSES. IT DOES NOT HURT THE HORSE, AND WITH KIND AND GENTLE TREATMENT WITH THE HACKAMORE, THE ANIMAL IS SOON TAMED.

TIM HOLT

THE CORRAL...

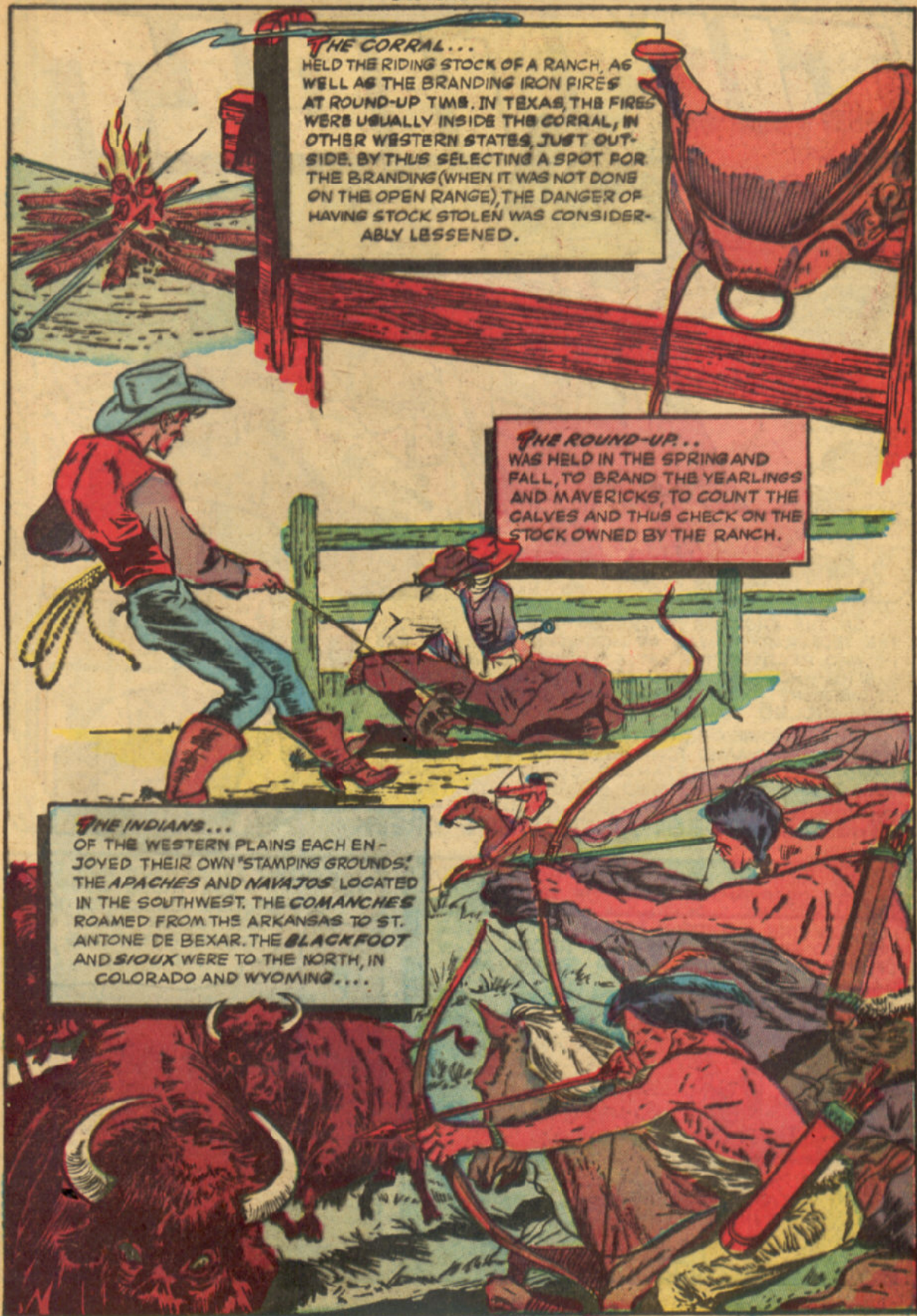
HELD THE RIDING STOCK OF A RANCH, AS WELL AS THE BRANDING IRON FIRES AT ROUND-UP TIME. IN TEXAS, THE FIRES WERE USUALLY INSIDE THE CORRAL, IN OTHER WESTERN STATES, JUST OUTSIDE. BY THUS SELECTING A SPOT FOR THE BRANDING (WHEN IT WAS NOT DONE ON THE OPEN RANGE), THE DANGER OF HAVING STOCK STOLEN WAS CONSIDERABLY LESSENED.

THE ROUND-UP...

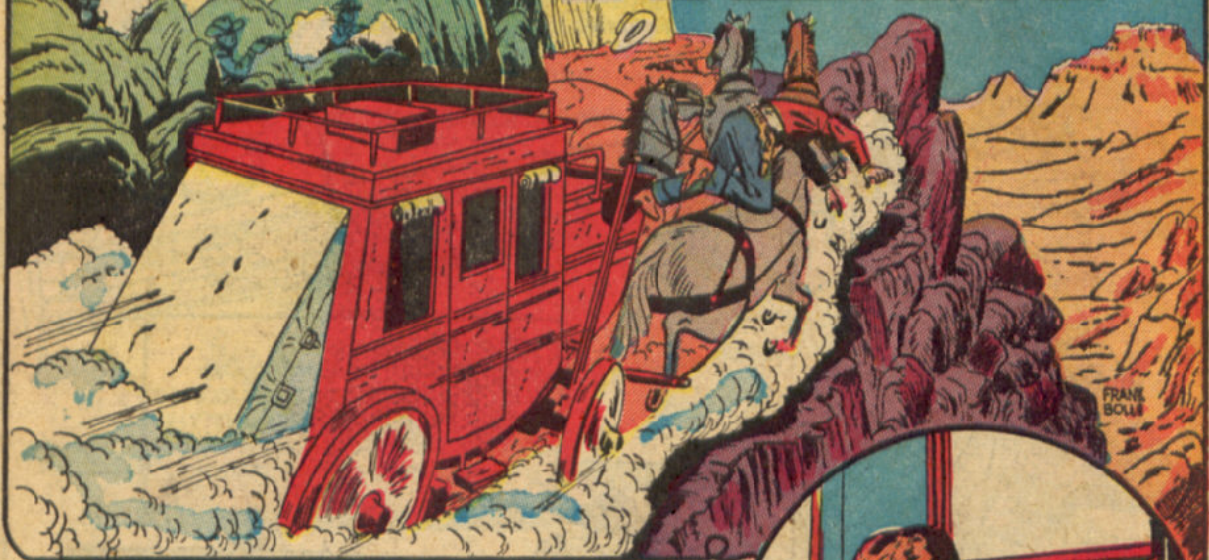
WAS HELD IN THE SPRING AND FALL, TO BRAND THE YEARLINGS AND MAVERICKS, TO COUNT THE CALVES AND THUS CHECK ON THE STOCK OWNED BY THE RANCH.

THE INDIANS...

OF THE WESTERN PLAINS EACH ENJOYED THEIR OWN "STAMPING GROUNDS." THE APACHES AND NAVAJOS LOCATED IN THE SOUTHWEST, THE COMANCHES ROAMED FROM THE ARKANSAS TO ST. ANTOINE DE BEXAR. THE BLACKFOOT AND SIOUX WERE TO THE NORTH, IN COLORADO AND WYOMING....



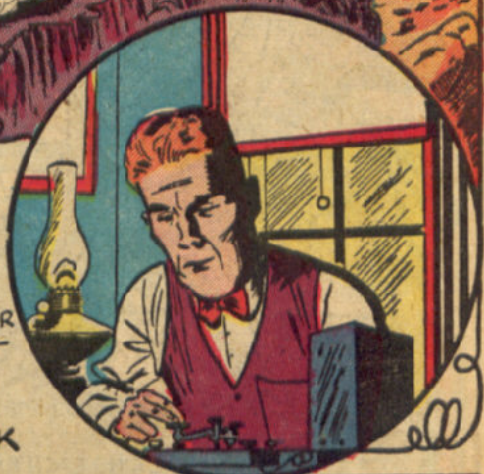
TIM HOLT



IN THE FRONTIER TOWNS OF THE OLD WEST, THE TELEGRAPHER WAS AN IMPORTANT FIGURE. IT WAS HE WHO RECEIVED THE LATEST NEWS FLASHES. IT WAS HE WHO SENT WORD OF DISASTER OR GOLD STRIKES. HE KNEW THINGS MANY MEN WOULD HAVE KILLED TO LEARN!

IN THE TOWN OF TROTTER'S CREEK, THE OPERATOR WAS A MAN NAMED JOHN ABERSEN. AND WHEN OUTLAWS AND CIRCUMSTANCES CONSPIRED AGAINST HIM, IT WAS TIM HOLT WHO STEPPED INTO THE PICTURE TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT ---

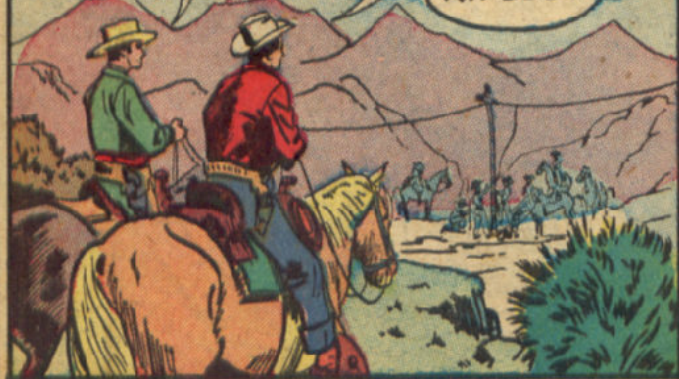
THE TELEGRAPHER AT TROTTER'S CREEK



SOME MILES SOUTHEAST OF THE PAINTED DESERT, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE MOGOLLONS.

LOOKS LIKE A REPAIR CREW TO FIX THAT TELEGRAPH WIRE, TIM.

FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A REPAIR CREW WITH GUNS AND RIFLES!



TIM HOLT

SIXGUNS OUT AND FLAMING, TIM URGES THE GREAT GOLDEN STALLION, LIGHTNING, DOWN THE SLOPE AT A BREAKNECK PACE ---



MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO FIND OUT JUST WHY THEY WANT TO INTERCEPT PRIVATE MESSAGES...

BLAMM!
BLAMM!

THUNDERIN' MAVERICKS! LET'S KITE OUT OF HERE!

THAT HOMBRE MUST'VE BEEN BORN WITH A COLT IN HIS HAND!

YEEOW!



HE... GOT ME... NO TIME TO STOP! KEEP GOING!



THEY WERE TAPPING THE WIRE ALL RIGHT. BUT MAYBE WE SURPRISED THEM BEFORE THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED!



HERE'S A FRAGMENT OF THE MESSAGE THEY WERE INTERCEPTING. ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE THE WORDS "LA GAP"...

THEES ONE CANNOT TELL US WHAT EET MEANS. HE EES TOO DEAD!



TWO HOURS LATER, IN TROTTER'S CREEK, ANGRY VOICES CRY OUT AGAINST THE SHERIFF ---

THE TINCUP BANK WAS ROBBED, SHERIFF! ONLY ONE MAN KNEW THE TELEGRAPHER! JOHN ABERSEN- THE BANK WAS GETTIN' THAT GOLD SHIPMENT!



RECKON YUH BETTER COME WITH ME, JOHN. THE BOYS ARE PLUMB SET ON BLAMIN' YUH FER THEM ROBBERIES!

BUT- BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THEM...



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING---

I'VE LOADED 'ER UP WITH WIRE AND TOOLS TO WEIGH 'ER DOWN. THE OWLHOOTS WILL THINK SHE'S CARRYIN' GOLD... BUT SHE WON'T BE!

NOW DON'T YUH WORRY NONE, TIM. ME AN' THE BOYS WILL BE ON HAND TO TAKE CARE OF THEM OWLHOOTS!

I KNOW YOU WILL, SHERIFF.

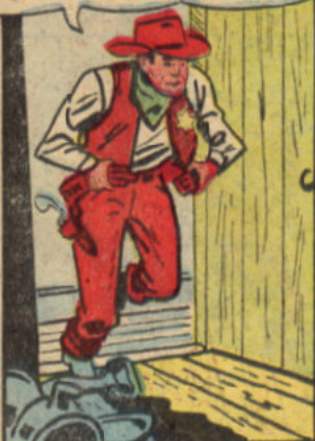


BETTER GO IN AN' OIL UP MY SHOOTIN' IRONS... RECKON I'LL BE NEEDIN' THEM!

BETTER HURRY, TOO. BE MIGHTY UNCOMFORTABLE IF I DIDN'T SHOW UP AT OGALLALA GAP!

SHERIFF LANNIN TRIPS AND SPRAWLS. AND HIS GUNS, LOOSENED IN THEIR HOLSTERS, DROP AND FIRE!

UGGGG!

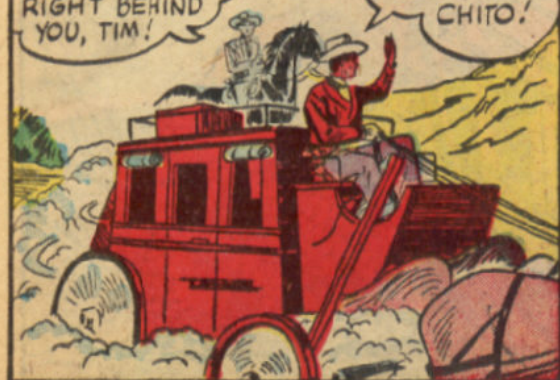


MEANWHILE, TIM PARTS COMPANY WITH CHITO, WHO REMAINS BEHIND TO LEAD THE SHERIFF TO A SECRET SHORTCUT IN THE MOGOLLONS---

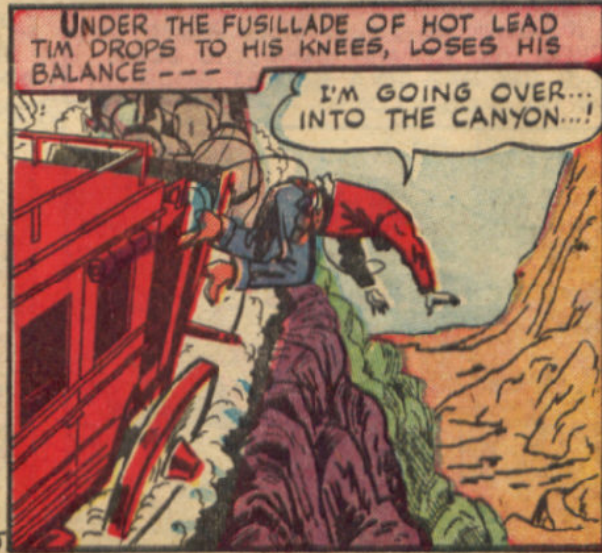
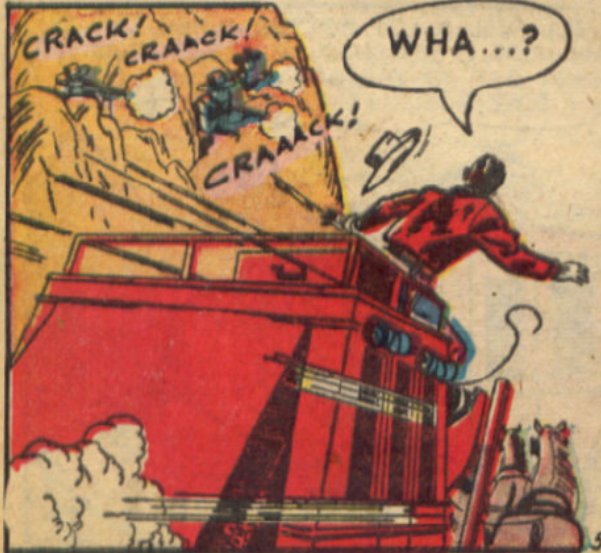
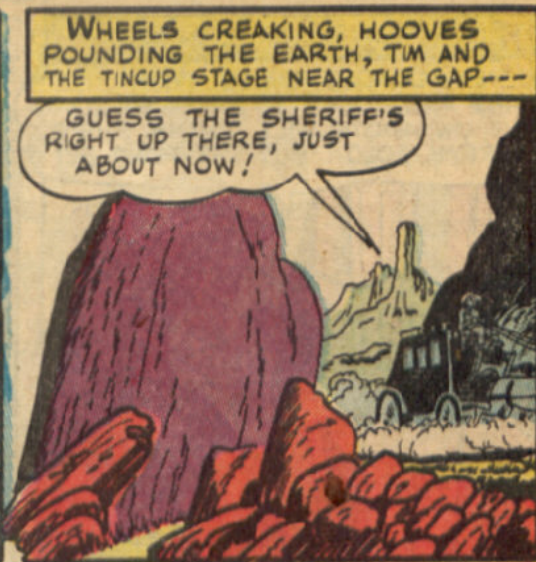
I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN THIS RIDE IS FINISHED. IF THE SHERIFF DOESN'T GET TO THE GAP ON TIME - I'M A GONE GOSLING!

WE WEEL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, TIM!

NOT TOO FAR BEHIND, CHITO!



TIM HOLT

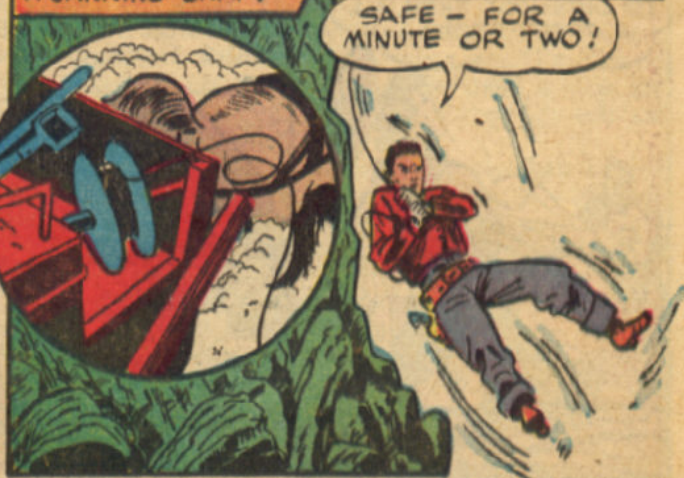


TIM HOLT

ONLY CHANCE IS... THAT THIS WIRE HOLDS WHEN IT'S PLAYED OUT...



THE WIRE FEEDS OUT TO ITS FULL LENGTH, AND TIM HALTS HIS PRECIPITOUS FALL WITH A JARRING SNAP!



SAFE - FOR A MINUTE OR TWO!

THIS IS OUR LAST JOB 'ROUND THESE PARTS!

AN' SHE SURE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD ONE!



HEY! WHAR'S THE GOLD?

TOOLS! WIRE!

THET HOMBRE WHO DROVE THE STAGE... RECKON HE KNOWS WHERE THAT GOLD IS!



HE'S STILL ALIVE! HE'LL BE COMIN' UP HERE RIGHT SHORTLY. YOU BOYS HIDE IN THE ROCKS...

WHEN HE SHOWS HISSELF, WE'LL JUMP HIM AN' MAKE HIM TALK!

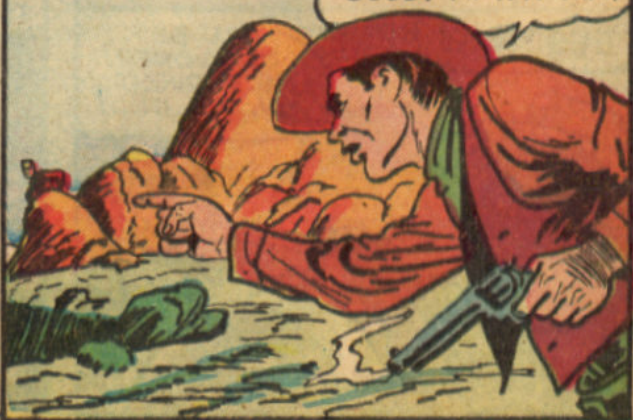


THOSE RANNIES UP ABOVE MIGHT WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT THE GOLD... SO I'LL JUST KEEP MOVING ALONG THIS RIDGE. IT SEEMS TO LEAD UPWARDS...

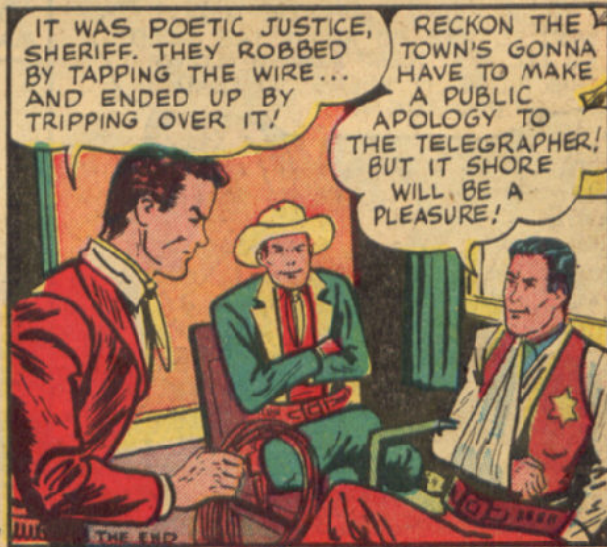
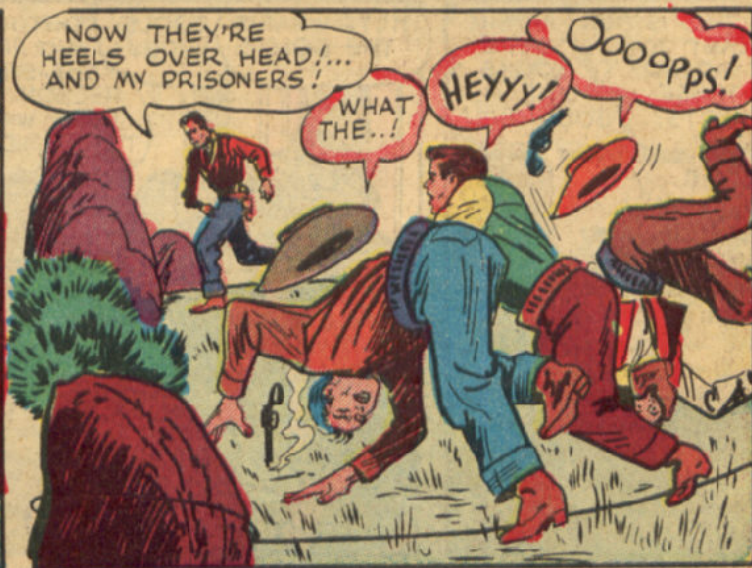


BUT AN OUTLAW LOOKOUT SPOTS TIM MAKING A BID FOR SAFETY!

THERE HE GOES! AFTER HIM!



TIM HOLT



NOOSE FOR A KILLER

A Flip Carson Storyette

FLIP CARSON was at the hitch-rail in front of the 'Dobe Bottoms blacksmith shop when they brought the dead body of Ben Tobin down Main Street. Flip paused with the reins in his hand, and turned to look. This might be a job for a federal marshal.

A bow-legged puncher was riding a paint horse ahead of a rangy bay. Across the saddle of the bay, his body lashed down with a lariat, lay the dead man. Even from this distance, Flip could see the bullet wound in his back, and the dark crimson stain of dried blood caked in his dusty shirt.

Sheriff Nick Patterson raised dust from the wooden sidewalk as he thundered down toward Flip. His husky voice was bellowing, "Flip, don't yuh ride off! I'm a-gonna need yuh here, boy. That there is Mark Simpson's foreman, that dead galoot in the saddle! Trouble is brewin', yuh can bet yore hide!"

Mark Simpson owned the big Tumbling T spread north of 'Dobe Bottoms. Flip Carson was well aware that Simpson and young Ed Hecker of the Flying Hat ranch were pawing the earth like angry bulls whenever they saw each other. Simpson had flatly accused young Hecker of rustling his Tumbling T steers. Ed Hecker had laughed nastily, thumbs hooked in his gunbelts, and called Mark Simpson a red-faced liar.

Flip reknotted the reins at the rail and followed Sheriff Patterson down the street. The bow-legged puncher had reined in his saddler, was saying to a group of open-mouthed on-lookers, "Found him flat on his face, the other side of the draws. Shot in the back, as yuh can see plain enough. Looks like a Hecker job, don't it, boys?"

"Hold on, now, George," said Sheriff Patterson, breathing heavily. "Yuh got any proof to back up that statement?"

"Yuh bet I have," retorted George, fumbling in his vest. He brought out a checkered blue-and-white bandanna and tossed it at the sheriff.

It was Ed Hecker's neck-piece. Everyone around 'Dobe Bottoms knew it. As George said, "I found it right behind poor Ben. Layin' on the ground," everyone nodded their heads wisely. It was an open-and-shut case. All that remained was for Sheriff Patterson to ride out to the Flying Hat and bring Hecker in.

Flip took the bandanna from the sheriff's fingers. It was stained with dry sweat, and caked in with the sweat was the characteristic red clay dust that was found near the draws. Flip looked at the dead man's shirt. It, too, was stained with the red clay dust.

Flip said, "Right stupid of Hecker to shoot down a man and leave a clue like this a-layin' there."

The sheriff raised his bushy eyebrows, in a questioning look. Flip went on, "I'd like to mosey out to the draws an' have a look for myself, Sheriff. You can always go out an' bring in Hecker."

Two hours later, Flip sat the kak of his rawboned white gelding and stared with furrowed brows at the scene of the murder. He saw the imprint where the body had lain, a tiny blob of dried blood. He saw the clear trail of one horse—and that was all.

"The killer sure took pains to make certain he wouldn't leave any tracks. Reckon he was a plumb careful gent. And a careful man wouldn't leave his own neckerchief right out in plain sight to be discovered!"

Flip dismounted, and checked the hoof-marks of George's paint horse. It had ridden in toward the dead man from the east. The dead man had come from the north. That eliminated George as a suspect. He couldn't have shot Ben from the back when he was riding in front of him. No, the killer must have trailed Ben, then flung down on him with his Colt when he was sure he would surprise him.

"An' that's a funny thing," Flip mused. "A man would have to get plenty close to be sure of gettin' his man with one shot. Ben sure would have heard him ride up on him . . . unless the killer was a friend of Ben's and dropped back just enough to plug him in the back!"

He left the murder scene and trotted the white gelding in wide circles. To the west a row of sandstone ridges raised their red, raw bulks against the blue sky. To the south the red clay draws undulated into the distance. Eastward lay the sage flats, mile after mile of unbroken sand and desert shrub. He rode from sandstone ledge to sage flats and back, always circling wider, wider—

Ten miles into the stone ridges of the *malpais*, he found where the tracks of a horse were blotted out, then appeared in the dirt. A wry grin touched the marshal's tanned face. "Old Indian trick, to drag a blanket behind, so as to wipe out the tracks your horse makes. Only thing is, if another man knows that trick—well, you can't carry a blanket around forever!"

Where the sandstone ended, a horse's tracks led away from them, straight north. Flip kned the gelding into a gallop.

Hours later, he reined in before the sprawling ranchhouse of the Tumbling T ranch. A big man, whose head was a shaggy mop of black hair, cowhide vest opened to disclose the giant chest, waved a long arm at him.

"Howdy, marshal. Light down a spell," called Mark Simpson.

"Can't stay," said Flip Carson, swinging from the saddle. "I'm ridin' on to the Flying Hat. Your segundo was killed near the draws, some time ago."

Simpson looked shocked. "Yuh don't mean to say that hot-head Hecker went so far as to shoot down my foreman, do yuh? By the eternal! I'll have his hide!"

Flip chuckled. "No need to go on the prod. I'll bring in the killer."

Simpson eyed him from under bushy brows. "Yuh wait right here, young feller. I'll ride over with yuh. I don't want yuh gettin' shot in the back!"

There was a peculiar smile on Flip Carson's lips as he watched the big Tumbling T owner stalk toward his corral, where saddles and bridles were hung across the top rail of the fence. He rolled a cigarette, watching Simpson catch and lasso a horse, saddle him and fit a bridle over his head.

Stirrup by stirrup, the two men rode from the Tumbling T across the flats, toward the Flying Hat.

As they raced down the little slope in front of the small Flying Hat ranch, Flip said, "I don't want any gunplay, Simpson. I want the killer to hang for this crime!"

Big Mark Simpson grunted callously. "He'll hang, all right. From the nearest tree—all legal, of course, marshal. I won't go for my iron."

Ed Hecker was chopping greasewood as they reined to a halt in front of him. He was a heavyset man, with a homely but rugged face. He dropped his axe and looked at Flip, ignoring the scowling Simpson.

"Anything I can do for yuh, marshal?" he asked.

Flip said, "Someone shot Mark Simpson's foreman over near the draws. Reckon you had as good a motive as any. You were right smart, Hecker—hidin' your horses' hoofprints with an Indian blanket."

Mark Simpson laughed cruelly. He leaned forward across the swellfork of his saddle; said, "We ought to search his place, marshal! Reckon he might try to hide that blanket!"

Flip nodded. He asked, "You have any objections, Hecker?"

Hecker looked at the smooth butts of Flip Carson's low-slung Colts and wet his lips nervously. He mumbled, "Reckon yuh can look."

The search did not take long. It was Mark Simpson who found the blanket, shoved under a pile of old saddles in a corner of the corral. He held it up, waving it in triumph. Ed Hecker stared at the blanket as if his eyes would pop out.

Hecker yelled, "Yuh must've planted that blanket there, yuh no-good—"

Axe held high, Hecker started at a run for

the grinning Simpson. Simpson called, "Yuh ain't gonna split my head open, Hecker!" His right hand blurred, moving for his gun. He lifted it out of the holster—

Flip Carson barely moved his gunhand, but his Colt was spurting red flame and roaring thunder, and the gun in Simpson's hand leaped high and away, kicking and rolling into the dirt.

Simpson whirled, face black with rage. Flip shook his head gently, smiling. "You promised me there'd be no gunplay, Simpson. Have you forgotten that we want to hang the killer?"

The big man paused in the middle of a belch. He growled, "Reckon you're plumb right, marshal. I kind of forgot myself, seein' that ornery murderer comin' at me with that axe. I hate his killin' guts so much, I'd—"

Muttering, Simpson broke off and picked up his gun. Hecker had turned and was staring at Flip. He said, "I give yuh my word, marshal. I didn't kill his foreman."

Flip shook his head. "Sorry, Hecker. I want yuh to come along."

In town, Flip brought Simpson and Hecker into the sheriff's office. He closed the door. The sheriff looked at him in surprise.

Flip said, "I brought in the killer, sheriff—Mark Simpson!"

Simpson put a hand on his gun, but the Colt leaped into Flip's hand. Flip said coldly, "It's a cinch Hecker didn't kill Ben. He was unfriendly with Simpson's crowd. Ben wouldn't let him close enough to shoot him in the back. Ben's gun wasn't touched, showin' that he didn't think he had anything to fear. When I found the tracks, they led toward the Flying Hat. I found the blanket under the saddles. But the tracks didn't stay at Hecker's. They went on to the Tumbling T!"

"At the Tumbling T, Simpson looked surprised that his foreman was killed—yet he knew he had been shot . . . and shot in the back! He told me he didn't want me to get shot in the back!"

"I couldn't prove Simpson did it, so I had to let him convict himself. He found that blanket mighty fast at Hecker's. Walked right to it! Nobody who hadn't hid that blanket could've found it so fast!"

Simpson swore blindly, face dark with anger. He moved his hand to his gun but Flip stepped close and knocked his hand aside. Flip grated, "Talk, yuh yaller sidewinder!"

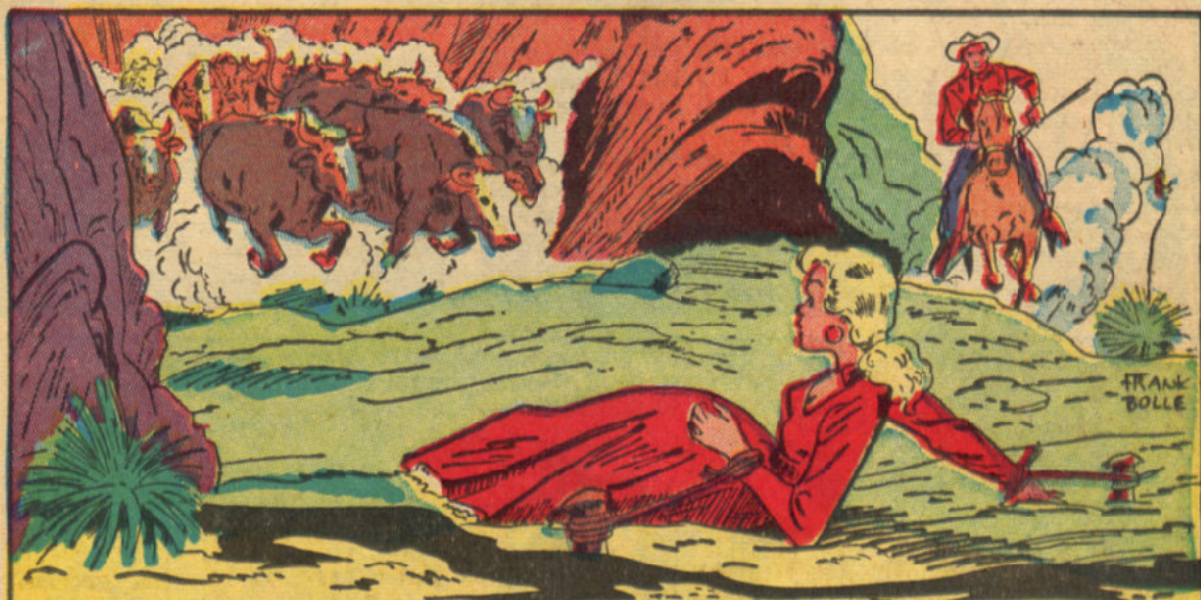
Simpson hung his head. "I did it. Ben was helping me brand my own cattle an' plant them on Hecker so's I could accuse him of rustlin' an' get his land. He wanted more money or he said he'd spill to the law. I had to shoot him!"

"Just as we have to hang yuh!" said the sheriff, and the handcuffs clicked on Mark Simpson's wrists.

—THE END—

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT



WHEN DEATH STALKED THE PAINTED DESERT, TIM HOLT AND HIS SIDEKICK CHITO MET HIM HEAD-ON. DEATH WON THAT FIRST ROUND — BUT TIM HAD ANOTHER CHANCE AGAINST THE MAN WITH THE SCYTHE!

AND TIM KEPT HIS DATE WITH DEATH WHEN IT TOOK HOT LEAD, FAST GUN-PLAY, AND FAST RIDING TO FIND — **THE GHOST ON HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!**

A REELING FIGURE STAGGERS BLINDLY ACROSS THE ODDLY COLORED DUNES OF THE PAINTED DESERT —



EVEN SEEIN' MIRAGES... MEN ON HORSES... BUT 'TWOON'T DO ME NO GOOD... EVEN IF THEY WAS REAL...



THE OLD MAN SEEMS FAR GONE, CHITO, BUT WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM. BRING THE WATER CANTEEN!



TIM HOLT

FOR LONG MOMENTS THE OLD MAN GASPS IN TIM'S ARMS. HIS EYES GLAZE, BUT HIS TREMBLING HAND FINDS A LITTLE POUCH AND PRESSES IT INTO TIM'S FINGERS ---



GOT A LITTLE GIRL IN SILVER CITY... GIVE HER... WHAT'S IN... THIS POUCH...

SILVER CITY IS ON OUR WAY, CHITO. WE'LL STOP BY AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR THE YOUNGSTER...

EEES GOOD IDEA!



IN SILVER CITY---

YUH LISTEN TO ME, BETTY. I HIRED YUH AS A DANCEHALL GAL, AN' I KNOW YUH'LL BE A GOOD ONE.

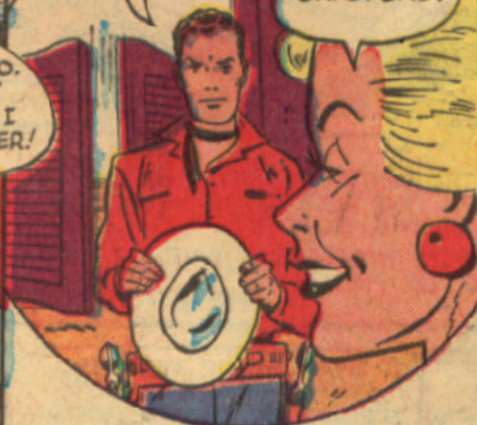
I-I HOPE SO. I HAVE TO EAT SOMEHOW UNTIL I LOCATE MY FATHER!

PARDON ME. I'M LOOKING FOR A LITTLE GIRL NAMED BETTY LEE BRADFORD...

LITTLE GIRL? I'M BETTY LEE BRADFORD!

I'VE SOME BAD NEWS. YOUR FATHER--

DADDY? YOU KNOW HIM? OH, WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE?



WITH A BELLOW, CHINOOK CHARLEY SHALL SUDDENLY LUNGES FORWARD --

WHY, YUH NO-GOOD POLE-CAT! YUH CAN'T COME IN MY SALOON AN' ANNOY MY DANCEHALL GALS!

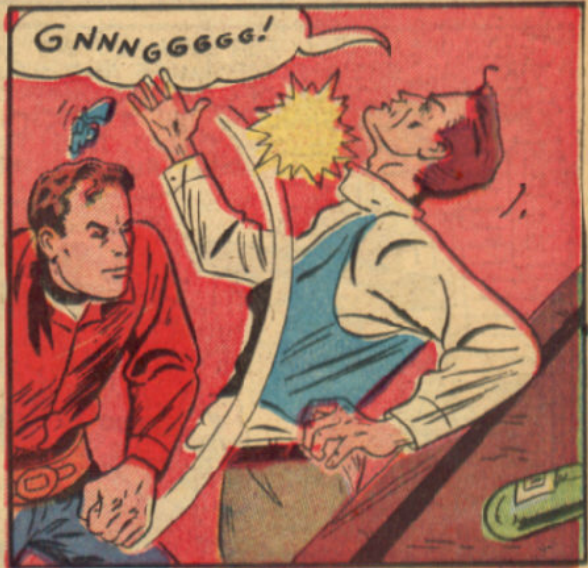
UGG! GH!



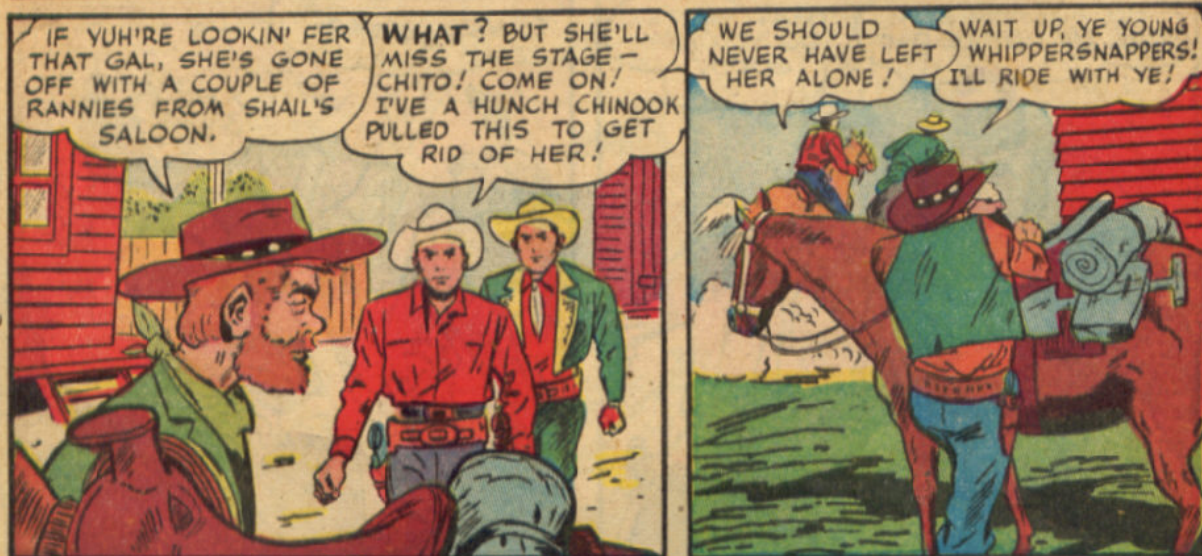
WE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE VARMINTS AROUND HERE, STRANGER!



TIM HOLT

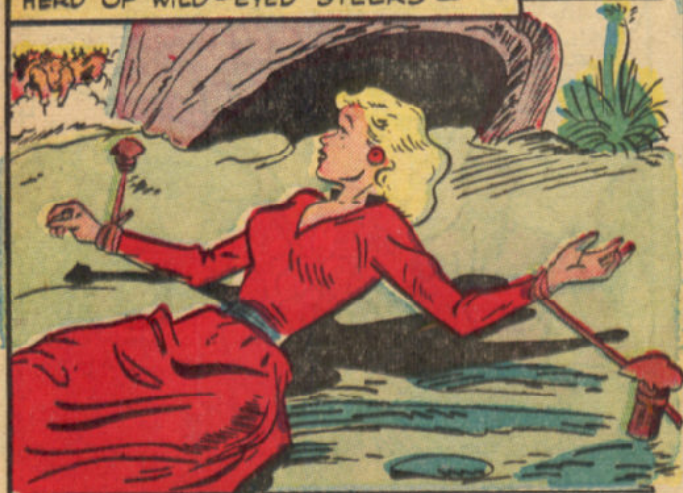


TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

TIED, HELPLESS, IN FRONT OF AN INFURIATED
HERD OF WILD-EYED STEERS —

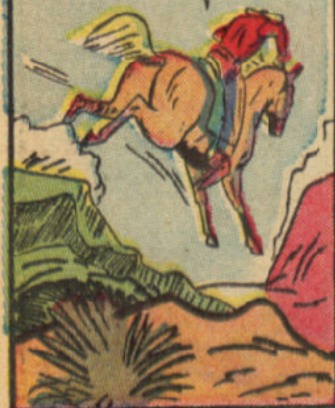


HER SCREAMS ARE DROWNED IN
THE FURY OF POUNDING HOOVES!

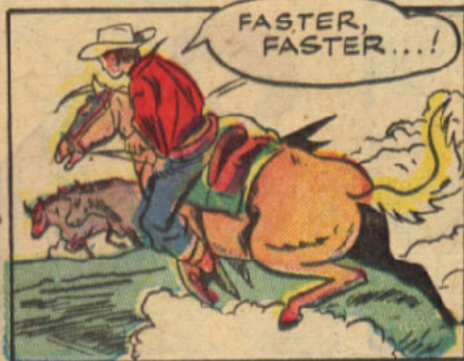
AAAAAGGGGGHHH!



ONLY CHANCE TO
SAVE HER — IS BY
CUTTING IN FRONT
OF THAT HERD—!



THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION
KEEPS HIS FEET BY A MIRACLE
AFTER THE DESPERATE SLIDE DOWN
THE SLOPING ARROYO WALL!
HEADING INTO THE MASS OF
TOSSING, CLICKING HORNS, HIS
STRIDE NEVER FALTERS!



FASTER,
FASTER...!

NO TIME TO CUT
HER BONDS! HAVE TO
TRUST MY GUNS AND—
SHOOT THEM OFF!



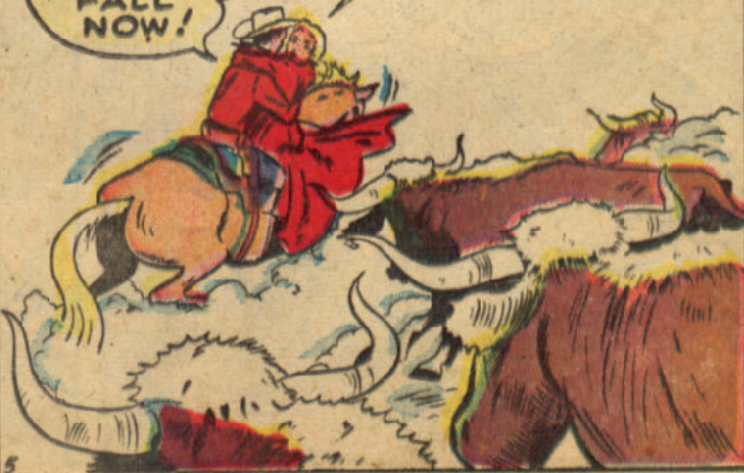
HOT LEAD SMASHES THE
TIGHT BONDS! BETTY GASPS,
TRIES WEAKLY TO RISE ---



JUMP!

LIGHTNING!
DON'T
FALL
NOW!

OHhh!



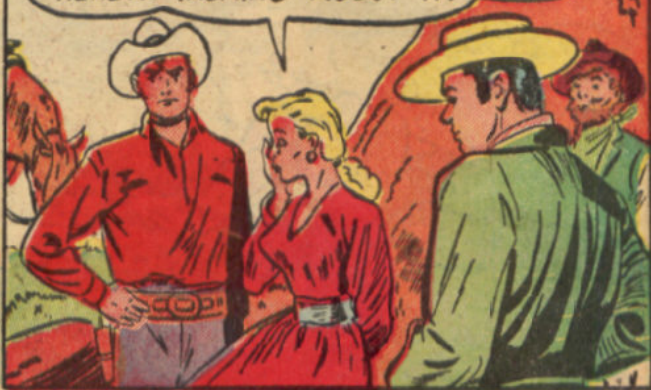
TIM HOLT

LIGHTNING STAGGERS, BUT RECOVERS HIS BALANCE! AND THEN THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION RACES AWAY WITH HIS DOUBLE BURDEN ---

WE MADE IT!



IT'S BECAUSE OF THE SILVER MINE DADDY DISCOVERED... CHINOOK CHARLEY SHAIL WANTED TO KILL ME... AS HE KILLED MY FATHER! I-I HEARD THOSE HORRIBLE MEN WHO BROUGHT ME OUT HERE... TALKING ABOUT IT!



CHINOOK FOUND THE MINE. HE SAW IT WAS WORTH A FORTUNE. HE SENT HIRED KILLERS OUT TO GET DADDY- WHO HAD FILED A CLAIM TO IT.

THEN HE HIRED YOU TO HAVE YOU HANDY SO HE COULD GET RID OF YOU AT HIS CONVENIENCE! HMMM... THIS IS A MAP OF THE LOST MINE!

DAGNAB! THAT THERE'S A MAP O' THAT HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!

GUESS WE HAVEN'T FINISHED THIS AFFAIR, AFTER ALL! LET'S HIGHTAIL OVER THERE AND SEE WHAT'S DOING!

AHEAD OF THEM, AT THE SILVER MINE IN HAUNTED MOUNTAIN...

LOOK AT 'EM! BIG AS ROCKS! SOLID SILVER! I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WHOLE STATE!



OLD MAN BRADFORD'S DEAD! SO'S HIS DAUGHTER! AN' NOBODY'S GOT ANYTHING ON ME, RECKON CHINOOK CHARLEY IS A SMART MAN.

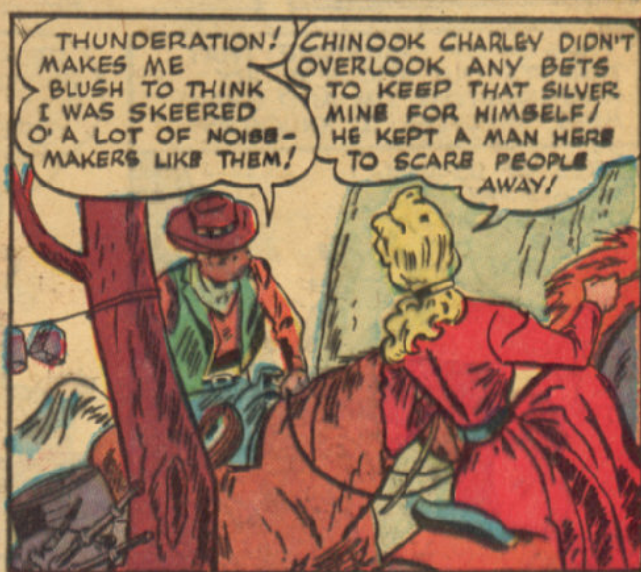
YUH SHORE ARE!

CHINOOK! THAT DAME AIN'T DEAD! SHE'S COMIN' THIS WAY WITH THREE HOMBRES!

HUH?... THEN WE'LL DRYGULCH 'EM! YUH RANNIES GRAB YORE GUNS AN' COME ON!

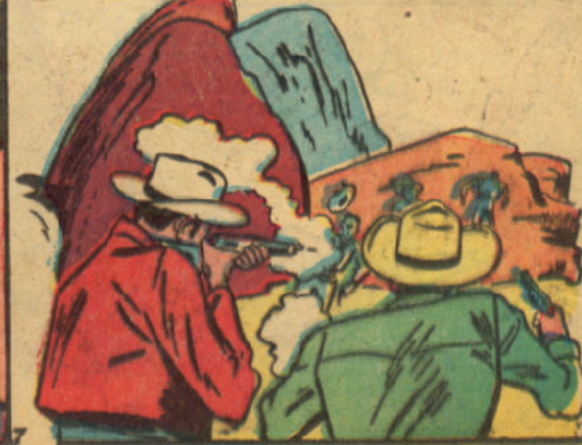


TIM HOLT



TIM AND CHITO DO NOT LINGER. THEY DROP OVER THE LIP OF THE RIDGE AND RUN DOWN ON THE SURPRISED CHINOOK CHARLEY SHAIL AND HIS GUNMEN —

WITH SIXGUN ROARING AND RIFLE CRASHING, TIM AND CHITO THUNDER DOWN ON THE AMAZED GUNMEN —



TIM HOLT



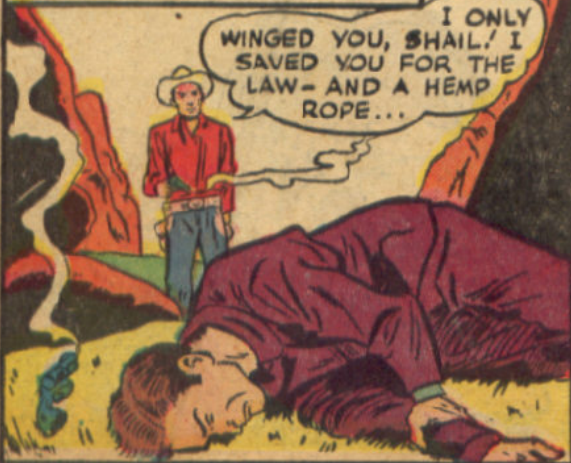
CHINOOK DOESN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO STAND UP IN A GUNFIGHT —!



ON A LIP OF SANDSTONE THAT THRUSTS OUT ABOVE A DRY RIVERBOTTOM, TIM AND SHAIL MEET, KNUCKLES TO KNUCKLES!



TWO GUNSHOTS BLAST ALMOST AS ONE. BUT TIM'S GUNHAND HAS NEVER MET ITS MATCH —





A slow draw meant a quick grave, in the old West, and the gunfighter who could throw iron from any position (Tim demonstrates one here) had an edge on his enemies.



Tim looks pretty cheerful watching Chito do the hard work (Tim carries the hammer) as they mend a fence on the range. The scene is from RKO's "Gun Runners," which is coming soon.



One of Tim's biggest problems is his pal, Chito — or, rather, Chito's one consistent weakness, which is: fondness for and persistent pursuit of beautiful girls. Tim is shown here looking on with jaundiced eye as Chito tries hard to impress dance hall hostess Rita Lynn—who looks a bit skeptical herself.

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